

THE MORNING SUN.

"IF IT'S RIGHT WE'RE FOR IT"

Issued Daily Except Monday, at Tallahassee, Florida.

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CLAUDE L'ENGLE, Editor

EDITORIAL.

This news paper belongs entirely to the people of Florida. The expenses of its publication are met from a fund made up by the people of Florida.

This fund was turned over to me for this purpose—because in the fullness of their charity, the contributors confided in my humble capacity and limited experience to use it well, and in the integrity of my purpose to use it only for good, in strict conformity with the impulse that prompted them to raise it.

When asked to edit it, I said that I would be glad to do it, IF I WERE LEFT ENTIRELY FREE. I reminded them that the motto of The Sun was—"If it's right, we are for it," and that a paper sailing under this flag, carried NOTHING BUT TRUTH AND GOOD INTEREST for ballast.

This accounts for the Morning Sun.
I ask all good men to help me.

CLAUDE L'ENGLE.

LIVE THE CORNFIELD CLUB!

When in the early days of its settlement men met on the village green to discuss things that concerned the small communities in which they were divided—

Liberty was born on American soil.

Each man felt at ease, looked his neighbor square in the eye, and spoke his mind.

Open-air meetings are apt to be open-minded meetings, and the fact that each man's foot was on the ground, brought each man's mind to contemplate things in a natural way, unaffected by artificial surroundings.

There were no polished floors to be careful of, no white walls to look out for, no tilt-back chairs hard to get out of, no squeaky shoes, no choky collars, no "biled" shirts, no creased trousers.

Every man walked around and talked to anyone he pleased to address, or dug his toes in the grass, or spat on the ground, or whittled his stick or hummed his little tune and spoke as the spirit moved him and as his patriotism prompted him.

From this freedom of action, freedom of thought was bound to flow, and later generations, sprung from these sires, have not advanced the principle of liberty beyond the lines marked out at these gatherings on the green.

Having these things in mind, I give the friendly hailing sign to

THE CORNFIELD CLUB—

Which is the familiar affectionate name given to a number of men—members of the House of Representatives of Florida—who meet together when it pleases them, for the purpose of informally

discussing measures pending before the Legislature now in session.

In the first few days of the session certain House members found that the MAJORITY was in danger of being ruled by the MINORITY, owing to the skill of the minority in handling questions on the floor of the House, due to their knowledge of the rules.

Realizing that TO RULE was what majorities were made for, these men, trained in the ways of making an honest living, but untrained in the fine art of parliamentary procedure, decided to get together in a place where they would be undisturbed by "points of order" "motions to table," "the previous question" and other disconcerting things, and thresh out legislative questions, in a plain, ordinary, old fashioned, common sense way.

One of this majority, in a tilt with a lawyer of citified ways, called himself a cornfield lawyer. So when the first gathering of the parliamentary untrained was held, the name for the organization was already found.

This "Cornfield Club" can be of great service to the people of Florida if it is kept up to the high standard of UNSELFISH DEVOTION TO THE PUBLIC GOOD—on which it was formed.

It is possible to keep it so, just so long as each man in it is actuated solely by the desire to serve the best interest of all, and to advance the private interests of none, over the rights of any or all of the people.

Having had the opportunity to know those who sit in the present legislature, I believe that the "Cornfield Club" WILL BE kept up to the mark, and thus prove AN EFFECTIVE FORCE FOR GOOD in the State.

Meeting as they do at the place of their own selection, at the hour of their choosing, and deliberating under rules of their own making, these practical men of hard common sense, can arrive at an understanding of public questions as they COULD IN NO OTHER WAY.

Their meetings are like those meetings of the villagers I tried to describe, at which the minds of men were so trained to the love of liberty, and to the hatred of special privilege, that the hand of Jefferson was guided in its immortal work of giving to the world the written words—"justice to all, special privilege to none."

STATE HOUSE DOPE.

[H. A. F.]

Mr. Light of Marion took a bill to one of the stenographers in the hall, showed her the length of it, and asked her what her prices were.

"Fifty cents for the original and ten cents apiece for carbon copies," she said.

"Well," said Mr. Light, "give me five carbon copies."

The prohibition ladies were singing in the halls "Florida's going dry," "Florida's going dry," to the tune of "Let a Little Sunshine In," when Mr. Chase, (turning away in disgust) exclaimed, "Bet

there ain't a good cook in the bunch."

As some one has already observed, (but you may not have seen it,) the House voted for Prohibition on April "23" and out of a hundred Legislators, 77 voted for, and "23" against.

It will always pay you in the end to be nice to members. Cast your bread upon the waters and it shall soon be "dough."

Did you ever notice how much Senator Sams looks like President Taft.

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P. W. WILSON

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